

A N
E L E G Y

To the Memory of the Never-to-be-forgotten
WILLIAM JUXON,
Lord Arch-Bishop of Canterbury ;
Who died the 4th of June, 1663.

I Creep and tremble ere I come to pay
My pious Off'ring to Thy hallowed Clay :
Nor can the slender Tribute of my Verse
Be Ornament sufficient to Thy Herse :
Onely the Honour that I owe Thy Name
Gives my Muse breath, and yeilds my Fancy flawie.
Juxon ! Hab, what of Him ? is dead : You lye,
Sordid Report, 'gainst Truth and Memory.
Can He that was the Subject of all Pens,
The Laws, the Prophets, and the best of Mens,
Be said to Die ? How gross is the Mistake ?
Banish those Mists of Errour, and awake
Your Sluggish Reason : He that not long since
Cloth'd the Church in its Prim'tive Innocence,
And gave a Life to every Childe she had,
Cherisht the Good, and did convert the Bad,
Had all His Learning wrapt in Purity
Of Doctrine, and His Life Sincerity ;
Can He be said to Die ? Base Envy, No :
He lives, though none of Thine would have it so.
He that the Sacred Hand of Majestie
Did stamp for good, can He be said to Die ?
He that hath seen the worst that Death could do
Without a Shrink, as did His Sovereign too.
His Vertues were His Refuge and His Guard,
That were against all Dangers still prepar'd.
Of such it may be said, Death onely can
Touch at the Carcase, but not reach the Man.
He that was with Temptations roundly set,
Yet prov'd His Princes untouch'd Cabinet :
The Jewels there inclos'd were never known
Till blessed CHARLES the Heir did claim his own.
Oh happy Prince in such a faithful Peer,
Send You more such : but there are few, I fear.

He that in time of danger stood unmov'd,
Firm as a Rock, and constant where He lov'd,
Whom nothing could corrupt or draw aside
From th' Principles for which his Master dide ;
Can He be dead ? What doth that word imply ?
Be not deceiv'd, the Righteous cannot die.
And though the Clergie may Lament and Weep,
Yet They do know the Saints are said to Sleep.
Forbear your Griefs then, spend not Tears in vain,
He's gone where none can call Him back again ;
Where ye u must follow if you live as well ;
If not, take tother Road, and then farewell.
He lay but Leidger here to manage things
Of great Concernment for the King of Kings ;
And now is summon'd to His Home, to do
Business of State You yet can't reach unto.
But Lambeth mourns, and (now) to me appears
An Inundated Town o'er-flown with Tears,
Salt, and Corroding, as Griefs Limbeck can
Distil them down the Cheeks of ev'ry Man ;
As though their Griefs were so intemp'rate grown,
They would comply both with the Month & Moon.
Away with your ungrateful Sorrow, know
The Knowledge that You have He did bestow ;
And such Provision He hath left by's Care,
Of godly Ministers You need not fear.
And more to comfort You, know He is gone
To put the Robe of Resurrection on ;
And be a Witness to appease the Blood
Of Strafford, Laud, and Charles the Just and Good ;
Featly and Hewyt, Vowel, and the rest,
And there with Them to live among the

47. B L E S T.